

à propos des bottes, attacked one of our little Maori porkers, who was poking about the deck, thinking no evil; and a tremendous fight ensued. Maori was so fat and round, that for some time the new 'chum' could not raise a bite out of him, more particularly as he steadily presented the fattest and roundest part of his person to his adversary. At last a new idea seemed to strike the latter, and he took poor Maori by the tail, and made him squeak again. Maori, paralyzed for a time, retired into a quiet corner thought the thing over, and, his native fighting blood gradually rising to boiling-point, he came out with a rush, and, with many a prod and poke and bite, finished off his slab-sided assailant in one last and decisive round.

"He said that the queen (of Raiatea) had asked him to ask me whether I would give her one of our 'little round pigs,' as she expressed it, which, of course, I did, with many expressions of good will. I have often been asked for a photograph on leaving, or perhaps a lock of my hair, but never before for 'a little round pig.' These Society Islands are certainly original places."—EARL OF PEMBROKE, *South-Sea Bubbles*, pp. 43, 87, 120.

Flyingfish.

"Sailed for Huahine. Saw a very long-flighted flyingfish, with large red pectorals, like a gurnet, which possibly it was. Flyingfish *do* fly, moving their pectoral fins with extreme rapidity, like a pair of twin screws. Moreover they raise and lower themselves over the tops of waves, and do *not* dip into them to wet either their whistles or their wings. I do not think that their flight is necessarily the proof of submarine persecution: of course they fly if the bonito is after them; but I suspect that, as often as not, they fly for the mere fun of the thing. Why else do they make such wild dabs at the bits of light in a ship's side at night? I remember, between Panama and Rapa, I used to see the cabin 'bulls'-eyes' surrounded by a circle of scales every morning, left there by flyingfish attracted by the light within, and possibly asking for a passage.

I should consider two hundred yards a very good flight for a flyingfish; and very few there be who do it, twenty or thirty being the general range. It seems limited, in some degree, by the difficulty of keeping the body horizontal. The tail droops more and more and more, and at last, splash! he goes into the sea. It struck me that as the flyingfish grew scarcer they grew larger, as if only the very big and strong individuals could reach the outside of the circle. Whenever I have seen them in the New-Zealand seas they have been large and solitary. The largest I ever saw (22 inches, if I recollect right) flew on board the 'Tauranga,' a small steamer in which I was taking a passage to the Bay of Islands in New Zealand. It went slap into the engine-room, and smote the engineer a smart rap on the cheek. He, supposing that his stoker had assaulted him, used language which I need not repeat, and threatened reprisals. On explanation being given, however, the fish was discovered, and

handed over to Dr. Hector for preservation in the Colonial Museum, where it may now, I have no doubt, be seen by the curious.

“From Panama to Wellington, from New Zealand to New Caledonia, from Auckland to Tahiti and back again, a fair number of miles, I have watched the flyingfish carefully, and I never saw one seized by a bird in its flight. Nor have I ever seen such an occurrence in the Atlantic or West-Indian seas. I cannot doubt that it happens somewhere, because I have seen pictures of it; but in the seas I know it must be rare. Possibly other lands other manners, and, likely enough, other flyingfish and sea-fowl. I should as soon think it possible for a kiwi to catch a rifle-ball in full flight, as for any real sea-bird to seize a flyingfish on the wing. The albatros I dismiss at once, his chances of trying are too few to bring him into question, as far as the South Pacific is concerned. The frigate-bird, or man-of-war hawk, decidedly the swiftest flier amongst sea-birds I have ever seen, seems to have given up fishing on his own account altogether, and makes use of the tern as his fishmonger. The tern, if the sea be smooth, has a neat little way of picking up small morsels from its surface, and, if necessary, makes a very respectable gannet-like splash; never, however, as far as I have seen, immersing himself, and always keeping his wings in motion to get him up again.

“The gannet, a splendid yellow-headed species of which is common in the South Pacific, is, I think, the finest of all fishing-birds from John o’ Groat’s House to the Chatham Islands. But even he could never catch a flyingfish, his strong point being ‘perpendicular,’ not the horizontal pounce. Soaring high, he marks his prey beneath him, and shutting up his wings (like a wood-pigeon darting into cover) he plunges downwards with a splash that makes one’s head ache to look at; and after a semicircular dive of five or six yards he emerges, sneezing and flapping with his prey safely lodged in his throat.”—EARL OF PEMBROKE, *South-Sea Bubbles*, pp. 62-64.

Sunfish.

“Whilst sitting in the canoe, something passed us swimming about a foot under the water, which I took for a turtle, but which Joe declared to be a sunfish. I have often seen sunfish (at Bora Bora) basking upright in the water; but this one was swimming, not quite on its side, but at a certain angle in the water; and the wavy motion of its fins gave it a very remarkable appearance, quite unlike any fish I have ever seen. Unluckily we had no heavy spear in the boat; or we might easily have secured it. Joe tells me that about a month ago a very large one was killed in the harbour, and that it had three live young ones in it: so much alive that they began to swim as soon as they were put into the water. I cross-questioned him on the subject; but he declared that there was no mistake, there were three live little sunfishes in the old one. I do not remember to have heard before that the sunfish was viviparous.”—EARL OF PEMBROKE, *South-Sea Bubbles*, pp. 130, 131.